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A Third Book for Reading and Spelling, with a simple Rules and Instructions for avoiding common errors.

We approve of the plan of this Book; it is just such a one as is needed, and we hope it will be adopted in every school in the country.

A Fourth for Reading, with Rules and Instructions

This work commutes a series of books for teaching children how to read.—The Primer, The Second Book, The Third Book, and The Fourth Book. In the first three, spelling lessons are given with the reading lessons; but they are omitted in the fourth. Those who are able to read these lessons, should use a dictionary for spelling, and for learning the meaning of every word which they do not understand. So the compiler and the publishers have been able to learn, no one has used the Third Book without being satisfied that the rules and instructions for reading, and for avoiding common errors, are of great value. They are, therefore, continued in the Fourth Book, and greatly enlarged; and they constitute the principal difference between these and the other school books for reading, which are now in use.

PARLEY'S HISTORIES.

1. The First Book of History, or History on the Basis of Geography, (comprehending the countries of the Western Hemisphere,) with many engravings, and sixteen maps on steel plates of the various countries. By the author of Parley's First Book of History.

2. The Second Book of History, (comprising the countries of Europe,) with many engravings, and sixteen maps on steel plates of the various countries. By the author of Parley's First Book of History.

3. The Third Book of History; by the same author, and on the same plan—comprehending Ancient History in connection with Ancient Geography, with maps and many engravings.

4. The Fourth Book of History, to form a complete system of General History, Ancient and Modern, and they are designed to be used in succession, in schools.

Probably there never has been a work of the kind received with so much favor, and so quickly and so extensively adopted in this country as Parley's First Book of History. The others will be sold at a similar and a corresponding manner, and where they are used, the study of History will be a pleasure rather than a task, as it has always before been.

"The First Book of History,—This is truly an excellent work. The plan we think is new, and the execution good. It is geography and history combined; this union will be found to be of great value. Very good."

"This is decidedly the best historical work for children we have ever met with. It is filled with interest instead of dates. Let every child study this book three months in his own way, and he will have a better knowledge of the history and geography of his country than is often acquired by spending three years in the senseless operation of committing to memory page after page of the tiresome treatises in common use."—*Branson*

Branson, March 31, 1836.

P. S. Permit me, in this place, to ask brother Othman, whether the love feast, May 17th, is for the African Church, or the colored Americans? O. S.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

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ZION'S HERALD.

Office No. 19 Washington St.

BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR., EDITOR.

David H. Ela, Printer.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

"THE METHODISTS IN THE SOUTH."

Mr. EATON—I at first thought I would take no notice of Brother Binney's "defence of Methodism," but lest he should think himself slighted, and as he represents me as more willing to "lampoon" the M. E. Church than to "Kneeland, Pepper, or Whittemore," I have concluded to pay him a passing compliment.

The writer whom I've styles "anonymous," is not so. *I have his proper name.* And it is a name too, which would weigh with New England Methodists. I am not at liberty to publish it now, but it shall be given hereafter, if desired, should I live. This writer is now in the midst of Slavery, and has published FACTS! But neither of us have ever said "that the Methodists in the South were so much worse than other denominations!"

This is a hardened old sinner, who had withstood the calls and warning of a gracious God, for nearly fifty years—who had not entered a church for thirty years—who kept himself aloof from the missionaries, counting them his greatest enemies; and while he was wallowing in the lowest depths of sensuality, he was railing against them as beings unfit to live. Soon after Mr. Diell's appointment, as Seaman's Chaplain at the Sandwich Islands, he employed this man to build his fence. He endeavored from time to time to get hold of his feelings and arrest his attention, but in vain. He seemed to have been made of adamant. As a last effort, he asked him if he had a Mother living. In an instant the fountains were broken up—his heart melted—the tears gushed from his eyes, and he exclaimed in the anguish of his soul, "My dear, my sainted Mother! O! the prayers she has offered for her unworthy son!" Mr. Diell followed up the advantage he had gained, and the result was glorious. He became a devoted follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. When I was last at the Islands, his house had been fitted up and enclosed with a neat fence, himself and family decently clad. Instead of going to the *grog shop* he went to church; and instead of hearing cursing and blasphemy, as from the strong holds of Satan, the voice of prayer and praise ascended, morning and evening. Peace reigned, and he blessed God, in the fulness of his heart, that missionaries were ever sent to the S. Islands.

The third and last case which I shall trouble you with, (although a number of others occur to my mind) is the case of an English sailor, who belonged to a ship where there had been a gracious work. All the officers, and many of the crew, had become subjects of converting grace; all which, together with the instructions of a pious mother, seemed rather to harden his heart, and make his enmity the more active. Every new subject of grace came into action all the energies of his soul, (which were wholly given over to Satan) in persecuting them in every possible way.

At length they called at the Society Islands, where missionaries had been laboring for many years. He was extremely anxious to get on shore, for the prayers and praises of the converts "grated harsh as thunder" to his soul. Accordingly he improved the first opportunity of going on shore, to have a "high" or frolic, and to get clear of the tormenting notes of his shipmates. The first house he called at, the family were at *prayer*. He *curst* them and went on to another. He found them at *prayer*, and I believe a third one. "He thought" (to use his own words) "that all the world was combined against him, to make him miserable. He then left the village and went into the woods, where he spent the most of the day.

On his return he stopped to look into a large building, which proved to be the Chapel. Here he found the whole town assembled. They were just commencing their exercises. He stopped a moment, then turned away, and asked himself what all this meant. Conviction fastened on his mind. The prayers and instructions of his pious parents, the neglected privileges, and his past life, all tended to awaken sensations in his soul, from which he found relief only in the blood of the everlasting Covenant. I have had the pleasure to meet him several times, and have always been cheered and edified by his godly conversation.

With these facts before us, can we hesitate to lend our influence towards promoting the missionary cause? Can we doubt of the good that may result?

Yours, &c.
JOHN STETSON.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

THE SANDWICH ISLAND MISSION.

BROTHER KINGSBURY.—The enclosed is a communication from a respected and highly valued friend, recently master of one of the whale ships of Nantucket, but now resident in this place. It was read in one of our late Missionary prayer-meetings with much interest to us, and presuming that its publication might subserve the interests of the cause of God and of Missions, I submit it to your disposal.

J. HORTON.

Lynn, April 2d, 1836.

DEAR SIR.—A few facts, in relation to the cause of Missions, came to my knowledge during my frequent visits to the Sandwich Islands, which may not be uninteresting to you, and to the friends of that truly philanthropic cause. The many reports circulated to the disadvantage of the missionaries, I have found, by personal examination, invariably arise from the deadly opposition of the human heart to the doctrines of the Bible, which inculcates supreme love to God and universal benevolence to men. One of these facts I will state, by way of illustration:

Not long after the missionaries, sent out by the Foreign Missionary Society, were established at the Sandwich Islands, a gentleman, Mr. B., took passage to America on board of the ship to which I was attached. During the passage, the character of missionary labor—their prospects, pursuits, and objects, were frequently a subject of discourse, and sometimes of warm discussion. On one occasion Mr. B. observed to me, "You think very highly of these self-denying, elevated men, and suppose their object is the good of the natives, but that is not the case; for, during my residence at the Islands, I was knowing to the fact, that the Rev. H. Bingham and the Rev. C. S. Stewart retailed Rum to the Natives."

I considered this a very bold assertion, and in questioning him whether he had ever seen them do such things, he answered, "No; but he had heard it from a man of undoubted veracity—a respectable merchant, whom he knew would not lie." Thus his whole proof was hearsay.

About twelve months after this, I met him at the Sandwich Islands, in company with several others, when the subject of missionary impositions was introduced. After a number of accusations were stated, one observed that one thing was worse than all the rest,—"the missionaries sold rum, and the crews were getting drunk on *missionary rum*."

My friend Mr. B., forgetting his former statement, started up, and said he could not believe that, for he had resided there nine months, and had not, during the time, known or heard of any thing of the kind. His eyes met mine, and it was quite unnecessary for me to remind him of his former assertions. This is the knowledge that most if not all those possess, who bring back evil reports of the missionaries at these Islands. I have never met with one, who from personal knowledge could sustain any charge against them.

Yours, &c.
JOHN STETSON.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

"A YOUNG MAN" OF THE INVESTIGATOR.

"He was in logic a great critic, Profoundly skilled in analytic!

Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher, And had read every text and gloss over;

Known more than forty of them do, As far as words and terms could go."—*Hudibras*.

MR. EDITOR.—My opponent, in the Investigator of the 1st inst., has devoted something over a column to my particular consideration, and nearly the same amount to yours. These articles are couched in the usual *chaste, dignified and convincing* manner employed by the contributors to that paper; and, besides being an ornament to the English language, must inevitably secure to the author an immortality that will throw Addison and Goldsmith into the deepest shades of obscurity. Mr. Kneeland and the "moral philanthropists" cannot be sufficiently thankful, that, at the moment when their cause was retrograding with fearful celerity, and drawing towards its close, "A Young Man" boldly stepped forth as its undaunted champion, and by the superiority of his lore, and critical acumen, enrolled its name high in the archives of human greatness, and encircled his own with a halo of never dying fame. Who, now, will have the presumption to cite Paley or Newton, as proof of Christianity? Surely none but the ignorant and foolish. A new era has dawned upon the world. The mists that have so long overshadowed the mind, are now dispersed like the dew of the morning and even. Nature herself, seemingly exults in the mighty reformation. It was reserved for the Investigator, and particularly for "A Young Man," to revolutionize the world; and henceforth,

Such remonstrances, it may be easily imagined, were not often urged in vain.

MURDER OF WILLIAM, PRINCE OF ORANGE.

"A man condemned by the Pope may be killed wherever he is found."—*La Croix*, vol. 1, 294.

Philip II. King of Spain, one of the most despotic monsters that ever submitted to the Papal yoke, desired the death of this excellent Prince, and by the sanction of the Pope, issued a proclamation, offering "five thousand golden crowns, a patent of nobility, all William's estates, which could be seized," and other immunities, to any person who would take away his life, or deliver him up alive or dead, into Philip's power. When the price was raised to twenty-five thousand ducats, an immense sum at that period, a Spanish merchant

persuaded one of his clerks to perpetrate the assassination. He was accordingly confessed by a

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BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1836.

Whole No. 341.

LET NO ONE SAY THE AGE OF MIRACLES IS OVER.

I wish I had the ability and profound research that is necessary, that I might do justice to the imitable productions of "A Young Man." I do not know that I ever felt the consciousness of my own ignorance and impotency to so great a degree, as when reading his incomparable effusions; for besides quoting Shakespeare and Latin, he pays no more deference to Mr. Murray's rules of "syntax and prosody," than if he had never seen them. He makes the verbs chaste the substantives, and in fact, puts the whole English grammar at complete defiance.

"A Young Man" excels as much in modesty as in his literary attainments. If one might judge of the sack by the sample, the following extract is rather more than conclusive:—

"I return from visiting the theatres! writing for two periodicals! besides my continued notices of Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary!!! and last and least, the crushing of a flea, to attend again to my friend,

Is it possible that one mortal being has done all this? Why the man who slew the Nemean Lion, cleansed the Augean stable, killed the many-headed Hydra, and the Stygian birds, even Hercules himself was nothing to him! Let us hear no more of the Sisyphian labors of Walter Scott or Noah Webster; the correspondent of the Investigator eclipses fifty just like them. What a modern Solon we have got among us! Strange to one small head should carry all he knows!

It is no wonder that the "moral philanthropists" are on the "full tide of successful experiment." The only thing I fear is, if "A Young Man" continues to write, the whole world will be overthrown and demolished. I beg of him that he will not give full scope to the power of his matchless mind; for if he should, mere human strength could not withstand the torrent of learning that would be poured down, like an avalanche, upon us poor Christians.

A YOUNG MAN OF BOSTON.

[Our readers will of course understand the above as a satire on the pretension of a *handsome young man* who writes for the Investigator.—Ed.]

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

"WHO WILL GO?" *

Who will go to rear the standard
Of the Cross in heathen lands,—
Where the people sit in darkness,
Bound by Superstition's bands?
Who will leave their friends and country,
And bid adieu to earthly bliss,
Yield their lives a willing offering,
To so great a work as this?

Who will go to Arie's centre,
Tell the Ethiop there's a God—
Point him to the crimson fountain
Of a Saviour's cleansing blood?
Who will climb the Rocky Mountains—
Through the western forests stray,
Where thick gloom, and pagan darkness,
Long have held unrival'd sway?

Oh, for Paul's denying spirit—
For his missionary zeal—
And the perfect love of Jesus,
Every Christian's heart to fill!
Then the earth would soon be cover'd
With the knowledge of the Lord,
And the far-off isles of ocean
Soon would all receive his word.

MARIA.

March, 1836.

Herald, Dec. 23, 1835.

THE SCOTCH PASTOR'S ADMONITION.

Of the late venerable Dr. Waugh, his biographer records that, in his ministerial visitations, his nationality was often strongly displayed, and this with a most beneficial effect, both in sentiment and language.—When, without any adequate cause, any of his hearers had failed to attend to public ordinances so regularly as he could have wished, and would plead their distance from the chapel as an excuse, he would exclaim, in the emphatic northern dialect, which he used on familiar occasions to employ, "What you from Scotland! from Melrose! from Selkirk! and it's a hard matter to walk a mile or two to serve your Maker one day in the week! How many miles did you walk at Selkirk?"

Five."

"Five! and can ye no walk twa here? Man! your father walked ten or twa (twelve) out, and as many hame every Sunday i' the year; and your mither too, often. Ise seen a hunder folk and mair that ayte walked six or seven, men, women, and bairns too; and at the sacraments folks walked fifteen, and some twenty miles. How far will you walk the morn to mak half a crown? Fie! fie! fie!

But ye'll be out wi' a' your household next Sabbath, I ken. O, my man, mind the bairns! If ye love their souls, dimm let them get in the habit of bidding awa frae the Kirk. All the evils among young folks in London arise from their not attending God's house."

Such remonstrances, it may be easily imagined, were not often urged in vain.

COING TO CHURCH.

"What is the use," said the pupil of a medical friend of ours one morning to his master on their way to a place of worship, "what is the use of going so often to church, when you only hear the same things over again?"

"What is the use," replied his master, "of breaking, dining, and supping every day, when you only eat the same things over again?"

"I do not see," said the youth, "that the cases at all resemble each other. I must eat to support my human body, and the light of my understanding. For vicious people generally have a peculiar ambition to draw in the innocent to their party; and many of them are furnished with artifices and allurements but too effectual for ensnaring.—Burgh."

As the slightest touch will soil a clean garment,

the very conversation of the wicked and vicious

in a manner that will give him great trouble to recover his former purity.

You may therefore more safely venture into company with a man

infected with the plague, than with a vicious one;

but the last the hazard of worse destruction.

For vicious people generally have a peculiar ambition

to draw in the innocent to their party;

and many of them are furnished with artifices and allurements but too effectual for ensnaring.—Burgh.

Dominican priest, absolved and promised paradise. On the assurance that a spell should be put upon him, by which he could enter the presence of the Prince invisibly, and with the monk's benediction, and a title to future saintship guaranteed to him, he prepared to commit the atrocious deed.</

ZION'S HERALD.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1836.

ENGLISH MISSIONARY OPERATIONS.

A meeting was held last Wednesday evening at Bromfield street Chapel, for the purpose of hearing from Rev. Mr. Lord, of England, an account of the missions under the charge of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

From his statements we gathered the following facts, which we present in the order in which they were narrated:

1. *The West India Island mission* was established about 50 years since. It was commenced by Nathaniel Gilbert, a local preacher, who was converted under Mr. Wesley's preaching, while in England. Slaves were awakened in large numbers. The way regular missionaries were located there might be called providential.—Dr. Coke with two young men had embarked for another place. Contrary winds compelled the captain to put in at Antigua. The missionaries finding the door open, entered. Since that period, others have been added to their numbers, so that there are at present 80. They have formerly endured much persecution. And, indeed, it was the cruelty of the masters to the Wesleyan Missionaries that hastened the freedom of the Islands. The emancipation of the slaves has opened "a great and efficient door" for efficient action. The people hear the truth attentively, and with thankfulness.

2. *The East India mission* was originated by Dr. Coke. Though then 65 years of age, that noble and philanthropic man devoted himself personally to the work.—While walking with Mr. Lord in the streets of London, he said, "I had rather be landed penniless and naked on the shore of Ceylon, than live in splendor and luxury in England." The Doctor presented this subject to the British Conference. To them the scheme appeared perfectly quixotic; for they had no money in their missionary treasury, and they owed 5000 pounds sterling to their Treasurer. But still Dr. Coke pressed the subject, and finally pledged the whole of his property, if the Methodists could not sustain the mission, to the cause. In consequence, the Conference appointed seven young men to the East Indies, and Dr. Coke to go with them as superintendent. Just before they arrived the Doctor died.

This was to the missionaries an ominous calamity; especially as they were very inexperienced. They indulged the hope, however, that they should find some directions among the papers left by their superintendent, by which they could be guided. But none such were discovered.

When they landed at Ceylon, they went to a hotel and took breakfast; but upon putting together all their treasures they had not enough to pay for it. Their only resource was God. They repaired to their closets, and there presented some promissory notes. One read thus:—"Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I will deliver thee." While upon their knees, offering their forlorn case to God, a knock was heard at their doors. An English resident merchant wished to see them. He said that he formerly heard Dr. Coke preach in England—he had also learned of his death—and supposed that they might be in circumstances of temporary embarrassment, he offered whatever pecuniary or other assistance they might desire, and he would take their drafts upon the missionary treasury for the amount.

Thus were they relieved. They went immediately to work; and though no extensive conquests have been made over the natives, owing to peculiar difficulties, yet a basis has been laid for future rapid usefulness. The missionaries commenced immediately to learn the language. It was soon mastered, and now the whole Scriptures are read in the native tongue. There are about a thousand members in society—among them are some Priests.

One important medium by which the missionaries hope to gain access to the understanding of the people is *day schools*. Of 40,000 scholars taught in the missionary schools, not one has been known to relapse into idolatry. The heathen festivals are attended, now, only by the aged, the ignorant, and the superstitious. The young scorn them. It is the duty of the children to keep the temples clean. An old Priest meeting a group of boys, upbraided them for allowing the temple to remain so dirty, and gave them the important information that "the god was angry on account of it." They told him in reply, to "sweep out his temple himself. They would have nothing to do with it."

So great is the disregard of the Idols that the Priests have to resort to *trickery*, to obtain any attention from the people. At one station, notice was sent out through the neighborhood that so grieved was the god at the neglect of his professed followers, that on a certain day he was coming out of his temple. In consequence, thousands assembled, and behold, there was the god. The Priest stepped upon an elevation, and most pathetically addressed the multitude. He informed them of their indifference. "But your god," said the Priest, "is merciful. He does not wish to injure you. He is more sorrowful than angry. See! see!" said he, pointing to the god, "he even now weeps he gazed upon you!" And, sure enough he did weep. The cunning fellow had put an egg into his head, and so contrived it that the yolk should run out in little streams, at just the right time.

One neighborhood determined to destroy their Idols. They accordingly marched in procession to their temple, and bravely cut down the little ones around them. At last they approached the only one remaining—the great Deity, before whom they and their fathers had bowed together, and to whom they had looked for every blessing. They paused, and trembled. Each man looked at his neighbor, but none dared to commence. Finally, one raised his voice, and in thunder cried out, "Jesus help! Jesus help! Jesus help!" His axe was lifted—the idol fell—the people rushed to his assistance, and in a few minutes it was shattered to a thousand pieces.

3. *South Africa*. The first mission in this country was established at Sierra Leone. This place is very unhealthy. But few live more than two years. So much do the Committee feel this, that none are now ever asked to go. They are volunteers. Still, so warm is the missionary feeling among the English Methodists that it need only be announced that one has fallen, and another will ready speedily to supply his place. On one occasion, when such an announcement was made, *sixteen* immediately proposed to go.

In 1817, Mr. Shaw was sent to *Cape Town*, but could not succeed. He thought of going into the interior, but knew not clearly what his duty was. He at last intrusted the subject to his wife. She was as full of the missionary spirit as he, and said "Go!"

"But," said he, "my appointment is Cape Town. Now, if the Committee refuse to sustain me in this movement, how can I meet the expense?" "I have," replied this generous woman, "a little property in England. That shall be used in that exigency."

They started. After having travelled nearly 400 miles, they espied a Hottentot riding towards them. He stopped them, and said that he had been deputed to go to Cape Town for a Christian missionary!! They went with him, joyfully. In the course of his labors, many were converted, and the whole village were civilized. The people built their houses, erected barns, ploughed their fields, and reaped their harvests. The curiosity excited by the operation of the first plough introduced into the place was quite amusing. Mr. Shaw managed it himself, while the Chief, with a large number of his people, followed it up one furrow, and down another. At last the Chief stopped, and with a most emphatic gesture said,

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feet, and its fruits seen among us, in the conversion of sinners. Seventy, within a few months, have become probationers for membership in our church.

Yours, &c. MOSES CHASE.

MARLBOROUGH, MASS., April 4, 1836.

We have had several conversions of late. *War* is what we love. Speak loud, very loud, and long, against sin in high places.

GEO. W. BATES.

LOWELL, April 4, 1836.

We are still having good times. The Lord is with us. I think between seventy-five and one hundred professed religion at our four days and protracted meetings.

Affectionately yours, I. M. BIDWELL.

LONDON, April 4, 1836.

I wish to say through the medium of the Herald, that the Lord has favored London circuit with a few mercy drops. Since our quarterly meeting in January, sinners have been turning to the Lord, backsliders have been reclaimed, and the lukewarm stirred up. We have received on probation between twenty and thirty.

C. FALES.

"I dare not examine the evidences of the truth of the Bible, lest I should become an infidel," was a remark made to us not long since.

"Then be an infidel," was our reply. "If an examination—*we mean a thorough, critical, not a superficial examination*—of the sacred scriptures cannot sustain them, give them up."

We speak thus plainly from our conviction of its truth, and we think it a shame that any man should take the *ipse dixit* of another, for fear he should be "convinced agains his will."

ZION'S HERALD.

"This paper, in the number dated Feb. 10, in its editorial notice of the Mississippi Christian Herald, has seen fit to state one particular not only unkind, but false in fact. We know where our paper is located, and perhaps, know enough not to run our brazen heads against a post, Don Quixote did against the wind mills. Wisdom once came from the east; but, as Bishop Berkeley prophesied long ago—"Westward the star of empire takes its way."—*Miss. Christian Herald*.

Our statement was that the Mississippi Christian Herald was first designed to advocate Methodism, and second, to defend slavery. We suppose the latter to be the "one particular" to which brother Maffitt refers. Now the matter can be easily settled by the editor of the Herald informing us what course he does intend to pursue relative to that subject. We are certainly glad if we misunderstood him. We cannot however, but admire the adroit manner in which he has mounted the fence since he commenced his paper.

THE SACRAMENT.—In the Scottish Presbyterian Church it is customary for the Pastor to examine each member of his charge, previous to the Sacrament. Those who are worthy receive a small piece of *tin*, and show it at the time of the administration.

POPIH IGNORANCE.—An Italian gentleman, versed in general literature, once remarked to Dr. Johnson, "We have in our service a very fine prayer called 'Pater Noster,' (the Lord's prayer.) I wonder who is the author of it."

LOCAL PREACHERS.—*A Hint.*—The Local preachers were designed to be important auxiliaries in the work of spreading Methodism. Why, then, is it, that they, in New England certainly, have become comparatively mere cyphers? They are seldom invited to preach unless the stationed preacher be unwell, or on a journey. Now, if we do not design to use them, they ought not to be licensed.

Mr. Lord also informed us that much good was accom-

plished by their missionaries in France, Gibraltar, and Ireland, the particulars of which we must omit for want of room.

"WHO WILL PITY DEA. GILES?"—Thus sarcastically inquires the editor of the New Hampshire Baptist Register, after enumerating the successes of the temperance reformation.

Answer. The whole community pity him. If you see a man aim a pistol at the breast of his enemy, you do two benevolent acts in taking the instrument away. You save one from being murdered, and the other from being hurt. Now, the misfortune is at the present day that the crime of selling alcoholic poison is a legalized crime; but, despite that, the murders committed by Dea. Giles and others, will yet cover them with horror. They may now rise in wealth—they may lounge upon sofas—they may rest their gouty feet upon crimson cushions—they may luxuriate upon the spoils of broken hearts,—but the time is coming when He who said "Vengeance is mine" will bare His arm and *repay evil for evil*.

Thus were they relieved. They went immediately to work; and though no extensive conquests have been made over the natives, owing to peculiar difficulties, yet a basis has been laid for future rapid usefulness. The missionaries commenced immediately to learn the language. It was soon mastered, and now the whole Scripture is read in the native tongue. There are about a thousand members in society—among them are some Priests.

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Each man looked at his neighbor, but none dared to commence.

Finally, one raised his voice, and in thunder cried out,

"Jesus help! Jesus help! Jesus help!" His axe was lifted—the idol fell—the people rushed to his assistance, and in a few minutes it was shattered to a thousand pieces.

4. *Friendly Islands*.—When a mission was first established in this group it met much opposition. One mission was murdered, and two others were compelled to flee for their lives. Still the obstacles were ultimately overcome. Many were converted. Among them was a Chief who issued his proclamation that, on a certain day, all the Idols should be brought to one place, and be burned. When the day arrived the gods were there, promising to be with them.

The Chief stood up above the people to make a speech.

But the address was not to the people, but to the Idols.

"Now" said he "if you are Gods, you can run away. Run then, or you shall be burned up."

Not choosing to abide in his will, he commenced his paper.

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been done since Hayti became a republic, in 1822, for public instruction. There is a considerable village, without a school. A school is established at Cape Hayti, where a course of instruction is pursued. The manners of the classes are much improved since their freedom; they have an air of comfort, health, and happiness. The Roman Catholic religion is the religion of the slaves, and the sects are tolerated.

There are eight millions of dollars annually. The people are republican. The President is elected for a Senate and House of Representatives, and by trial by jury.

The first independent empire founded by slaves, and weak, but somewhat amiable man, is now. He is a dark mulatto.—n.

SNOWDEN'S CHURCH.—The Colored Methodist in May street, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. George Storrs, a member of the N. H. Conference, and efficient brother Snowden, is visited by a strong revival of religion. Thirty-one have been converted in a short period. May Satan's yoke never neck, and the "oppressed go free."

ANNIVERSARY.—We send our readers a *feast* on fast day, if they are in Broadstreet at 2 o'clock, and we confine the question whether they were not surprised.

to which we refer the *elite* of the City of Boston. Every foothold was occupied, and an instant was manifested by hundreds round the female, to get in; one thrusting this way another offering money for an opportunity to implore some friend to move, and give place more. It is supposed that more than a thousand went away who could not get within.

Services were commenced with prayer by Rev. Dr. and the singing an hymn composed by Wm. The reports of the Superintendents were read, and the singing an hymn composed by Wm.

The epistles of them we shall present, if possible. And addresses by the children were ad-

The following original ones are all we can find.

THE CREATOR.—By WILLIAM C. BROWN.

Wondrous He must be, made all things which I see, did God, my Maker take? here various things to make? could He the mountains form, the sun, which keeps me warm? could He the mountains build, the beauteous rainbow gild? me all about Him know— to whom my life I owe.

The meeting was closed by an address from Rev. A. Stevens, which we will publish in our next number. The collection amounted to \$54 and a gold ring.

DOUBTS.—"I never," said a professor of religion, "had a single doubt of the truth of Christianity in my life."

"Then," was the reply, "you merely prove your want of intellect. No man, while religion is a matter of argument, can avoid having doubts. The virtue does not consist in not having them, but in vanquishing when you do have them."

"WE NEED MORE INTELLECT IN THE PULPIT, CONVINCING, STIRRING, IRRESISTIBLE."

life, or of death unto death. Let us, and especially those of us who are yet young and strong, strike for the highest possible ministerial excellence and usefulness. Let us meditate on things connected with our calling,—give ourselves wholly to them, that our profit may appear unto all. Then shall we come forth to our congregations in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace. We shall wake up the world, and the triumphs of the cross shall be exceedingly great and glorious.

Yours, &c., C. ADAMS.

Newbury, Vt., March 25, 1836.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE. "TELL IT NOT IN GATH."

Rev. George Storrs, a member of the N. H. Conference, after delivering a lecture on Slavery, at Pittsfield, N. H. was arrested in the pulpit on the following complaint:—

To Reuben T. Leavitt, Jr. Esquire, one of the Justices of the Peace within and for the County of Merrimack in the State of New Hampshire.—Complaints.

Sherburne Green, of Pittsfield, in said county of Merrimack, yeoman, and gives the said Justice to understand and be informed that George Storrs of said Pittsfield, yeoman, otherwise called George Storrs, a transient person, yeoman, at said Pittsfield, in said county of Merrimack, the thirty-first day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight, did establish a College, which has 30 or 40 native students. To the latest accuracy, his name and memory will be beloved and revered, wherever the name of Christ shall be spoken. May you and I endeavor to be useful as he has been.

D. I feel sensible that God may have some important work for us to do. I hope we shall be willing and prepared.

W. He has an important work for us to do, wherever we may be situated.

D. And he alone can prepare us for its performance.

W. I hope it will be a prominent item in the list of our solemn duties to encourage, support and foster Sabbath Schools.

D. From my heart I desire their prosperity, and I earnestly hope to meet these Christians, these teachers and these children in heaven.

W. If we and they live as we ought, we shall be in that blessed home, Daniel, there will be no sorrow, or sighing, but God shall wipe away all tears from every eye.

Caleb Brown was called and sworn. Questions, all by Norris, on the part of the prosecution. *Question.* Were he tried before R. T. LEAVITT, Jr. Esq. The whole of the evidence follows, as we find it in the Herald of Freedom. Our readers may judge of the justness of the decision.

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Poetry.

A PRAYER OF LOVE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Blessings, O Father, shower!
Father of mercies! round his precious head!
On his lone walks and on his thoughtful hour,
And the pure visions of his midnight bed,
Blessings be shed!

Father! I pray Thee not
For earthly treasure to that most beloved,
Fame, fortune, power—oh! be his spirit proved
By these or by their absence, Thy will!
But let Thy peace be wedded to his lot,
Guarding his inner life from touch of ill,
With its dove-pinion still!

Let such a sense of Thee,
That whereso'er he move,
A heavenly light serene
Upon his heart and men!

May it undimmed! a gladness rest, his own,
Unspeakable, and to the world unknown!
Such as from childhood's morning land of dreams,
Remember'd faintly gleams,
Faintly remember'd, and too swiftly flown!

So let him walk with Thee,
Made by thy Spirit free;

And when thou call'st him from his mortal place,
To his last bier still that sweetness given,
That joyful trust! and brightly let him part,
With lamp clear burning, and unlingering heart,
Mature to meet in heaven
His Saviour's face!

THOUGHTS AT SEA.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

Here is the boundless ocean, there the sky
O'erarching broad and blue;
Telling of God and heaven, how deep, how high,
How glorious and true!

Upon the wave there is an anthem sweet,
Whispered in fear and love,
Sending a solemn tribute to the feet,
Of Him who sits above.

God of the waters! Nature owns her King!
The sea thy sceptre knows;
At thy command the tempest spreads its wing,
Or folds it to repose.

And when the whirlwind hath gone rushing by,
Obedient to thy will,
What reverence sits upon the wave and sky,
Humbled, subdued, and still?

Oh! let my soul, like this submissive sea,
With peace upon its breast,
By the deep influence of thy spirit be
Holy and hushed to rest.

And as the gladdening sun lights up the morn,
Bidding the storm depart,
So may the Sun of Righteousness adorn,
With love, my shadowed heart.

Miscellaneous.

MELANCTHON.

The following anecdote of the great reformer fully develops the Atheism of the Roman priesthood. Cardinal Bembo, who is referred to in the narrative, was the same ecclesiastic to whom the voluntary Leo X. remarked—"That table of Jesus Christ has been to us a profitable affair."

When Sabinius, his son-in-law, visited Italy, he carried a letter of introduction from Melanchthon to the celebrated Cardinal Bembo: the consequence of which was an invitation to dinner. Among a variety of questions, the three following are particularly mentioned.

The Cardinal inquired "what was Melanchthon's salary—what the number of his hearers—what his opinion respecting the resurrection and a future state?" To the first question Sabinius replied, that "his salary was about three hundred florins," upon which the Cardinal exclaimed, "Ungrateful German! to estimate at no higher price so many and such labors of so great a man!" His reply to the second question was, that "he had usually fifteen hundred hearers." To this the cardinal answered, "I cannot believe it, because I do not know a university in Europe, except that of Paris, in which one professor has so many scholars." To the third question Sabinius replied, that "Melanchthon's works were a sufficient proof of his belief" in both those articles. The Cardinal said, "I should think him a wiser man, if he did not believe them."

WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL ME BACK?

"Why didn't you call me back, mamma? Why didn't you make me come back?" said little Virginia Ann, as she came crying into the house, with her mouth all bleeding from a fall upon the ice. This was the reproof of a child four years old to her mamma, for not enforcing her command, "not to go out to play upon the ice." This, no doubt, will be the galling reproof of many ruined children to overweening and fondly doting parents, when overtaken by misery; and when they behold with anguish that their wretchedness is but the consequence of parental indulgence in folly, follies, and tempers, of untutored youth. When the gay and thoughtless girl shall have spent, and mis-spent the season of mental improvement in chanting after the violin, in pursuing the butterfly beauties of youth, the phantom called pleasure, and the sober reason of riper years and all its concomitant, complicated cares and duties crowd upon her, and she finds herself utterly unprepared for their faithful discharge, will she not remember with poignant regret the many hours which she spent in following the fantastic fashions of folly, and urge the inquiry of little Ann—"O mamma, why didn't you call me back?"—*Virginia Conf. Sentinel.*

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

I have heard a story somewhere of a merchant who collected a party together to give eclat to one of those little family festivals which brighten the dark trace of life, and cheer the human heart in every clime. It was his daughter's wedding day—crowds of her young acquaintance circled round her, and as the father gazed proudly on the face of the young bride, he wished as bright a prospect might open for his other children, who were gambolling merrily among the crowd. Passing through the passage connecting the lower rooms, he met the servant maid, an ignorant country girl, who was carrying a lighted tallow candle in her hand without a candlestick. He blamed her for this dirty conduct, and went into the kitchen to make some arrangements with his wife about the supper-table: the girl shortly returned with her arms full of ale bottles, but without the candle. The merchant immediately recollects that

several barrels of gunpowder had been placed in his cellar during the day, and that his foreman had opened one of the barrels to select a sample for a customer. "Where is your candle?" he inquired, in the utmost agitation. "I couldn't bring it up with me, for my hands were full," said the girl. "Where did you leave it?" "Well, I'd no candlestick, so I stuck it into some black sand that's there in one of the tubes." The merchant dashed down the cellar steps; the passage was long and dark, and as he groped his way his knees threatened to give way under him, his breath was choked, and his flesh seemed suddenly to become dry and parched, as if he already felt the suffocating blast of death. At the extremity of the passage, in the front cellar, under the very room where his children and their friends were revelling in felicity, he discerned the open powder barrel, full almost to the top—the candle stuck lightly in the loose grains, with a long red snuff of burnt out wick topping the small and gloomy flame. The sight seemed to wither all his powers, and the merry laugh of the youngsters above, struck upon his heart like the knell of death. He stood for some moments gazing upon the light, unable to advance. The fiddler commenced a lively jig, and the feet of the dancers responded with increased vivacity; the floor shook with their exertions, and the loose bottles in the cellar jiggled with the motion. He fancied the candle moved—was falling! With desperate energy he dashed forward; but how was he to remove it? The slightest touch would cause the small live coal of wick to fall into the loose powder. With unequalled presence of mind, he plucked a hand each side of the candle, with the open palms upward, and the distended fingers pointed toward the object of his care, which, as his hands gradually met, was secured in the clasping or locking of his fingers, and safely removed from the head of the barrel. When he reached the head of the stairs the excitement was over; he smiled at the danger he had conquered: but the reaction was too powerful, and he fell into fits of most violent and dreadful laughter. He was conveyed senseless to bed, and many weeks elapsed ere his nerves recovered sufficient tone to allow him to resume his habits of every-day life.—*Knickerbocker.*

THE AUTHOR OF LACON.

When in London, I had the pleasure of an introduction to Mr. H., a lawyer of some eminence—a classmate and intimate associate of the author of *Lacoon*—and who let me into some of the characteristic traits of that extraordinary man. In conversation, said Mr. H., he excelled in two respects all men with whom I am acquainted—in directness of thought, and felicity of language. His most unpremeditated sentences dropped from him with a finish and force which mature reflection could hardly improve. His *Lacoon* is only a fair exhibition of the energy and antithetical point in which he always thought.

In controversy he relied as much on his sagacity in detecting the weak point of his adversary, as his conscious ability to demolish a stronger and better defended position. He chose that his opponent should ascribe his fall more to his own weakness and want of skill, than to the Herculean power of his antagonist; for there was nothing in which he more delighted, than in exposing and mortifying the pride and vanity of mankind. He despised the world and all the captum modes in which its admiration is usually won. He believed with Wolfe, that every man, ambitious of place, has his price, to whatever political faith he may belong. He thought the most ludicrous being in the world was a female trying to reach objects beyond the discharge of her domestic duties, and to impress mankind with the belief that she was an exception to the weakness of her sex.—*Boston Courier.*

We should not measure men by Sundays, without looking to what they do all the week after.

REMINISCENCES OF DR. PAYSON.

The following illustration was used in familiar conversation with a friend:—"God deals somewhat with us as we do with our children. When I am in my study, engrossed in writing or meditation, if I hear one of my children cry, I do not go to it immediately. The occasion of its tears may be a mere momentary trouble, capable of being removed by others, or from which it may be diverted by some toy. But if its cries continue, and I find that nothing but my presence will pacify it, I leave every thing and go to it. So when the children of God begin to cry for his presence, he does not answer them immediately, but waits to see whether the cry is repeated; and if he finds that his child will be satisfied with nothing but his father's presence, this blessing will not be long withheld."

During his last illness a friend coming into his room remarked, familiarly, "Well, I am sorry to see you lying here on your back."

"Do you know what God puts us on our backs for?" said Dr. P., smiling.

"No" was the answer.

"In order that we may look upward."

His friend said to him, "I am not come to console, but to rejoice with you, for it seems to me that this is not time for mourning."

"Well, I am glad to hear that" was the reply; for it is not often that I am addressed in such a way. The fact is, I never had less need of condolence, and yet every body persists in offering it; whereas, when I was prosperous, and well, and a successful preacher, and really needed condolence, they fluttered and congratulated me."—*Religious Magazine.*

PORTUGAL.

[From the Correspondent of the New York Observer, dated Lisbon, Dec. 8, 1835.]

The clergy have doffed their cocked hats, and laid aside their professional robes, so that now they are known only by the suwarow boots which they commonly wear. But what seems the most singular is, to meet with no monks or friars, though in a Catholic city. The convents were all suppressed by an order of the government, in May, 1834, and their property confiscated. The friars now receive a small pension from the public treasury. One of the convent estates was sold at auction, since we have been here, for more than 100,000 dollars. It produces annually 600 pipes of the best wines in Portugal. There were in the convents about 8,000 individuals, at the time of their suppression, and there are about 20,000 of the parish clergy, which is quite a liberal allowance, for a population of three or four millions. The people every where in Catholic countries,

ZION'S HERALD.

make a wide distinction between the parish clergy, who officiate in the churches, visit the sick and bury the dead, and the lazy and comparatively useless friars. An old priest, who officiates in one of the principal churches in Naples, informed me that the bishops and the parish priests had a strong antipathy against the friars, on account of their grossness, the coarseness of their manners, their ignorance, and their notorious immorality. Said he—"They regard them as a set of blackguards, and as they are."

In Portugal, as elsewhere, the Jesuits acquired immense influence by educating the young, and they are the only order, which, for a long time, have made any important efforts in this way. When, therefore, they were suppressed, about the middle of the last century, on account of their political intrigues, none of the other communities of monks, who through envy and jealousy had secretly favored the overthrow of the Jesuits, came forward to take their place as the instructors of the young. This neglect of duty has been treasured up against the friars by the people, and aided in their recent suppression.

The convents of nuns have been permitted to retain the use of their property, but for admit any novices; so that when the present generation dies, these estates come into the possession of the government. The English and French governments interfered to prevent the confiscation of the property of the colleges existing in Portugal, for the education of the young of their respective countries. There are in Lisbon one English and two Irish colleges. The former was established by the contributions of English Catholics, when their own schools were suppressed in Great Britain. The present number of students, all of whom pursue theology, is near thirty. They are sent here when about fourteen, and continue in the college eight or ten years. There is also a convent of English nuns, twenty or thirty in number, and the recent Lady Abbess was a cousin of the late Lord Liverpool, so long prime minister of England.

The number of valuable books, collected and preserved by the monks, has utterly astonished me. For their efforts in this way, they deserve much credit. The public library of Lisbon contains 150,000 volumes, and a large collection of manuscripts, and of coins and medals. There are long tables for writing and study in each room, and librarians to hand you instantly such books as you may call for, all free of expense.

There is also a room fitted up for the use of ladies who may wish to go there and read, and the floors of two other apartments are now covered with manuscript copies of the trials and sentences of persons by the Holy Inquisition, with all the evidence in each case, written out in full. They occupy each, from a few quires to a room or more of paper. Having been brought to light but recently, they are yet to be examined, when some of them will be published, whilst those which are most horrid and disgraceful, will be burned.—Many of the books in this library were taken from the Jesuits. But beside these, the government is now forming a vast collection of books and paintings, from all the convents in Portugal. They are placed in an immense building formerly occupied by Franciscan monks. There are, at present, 350,000 volumes of books, and 6,640 paintings. When the collection is finished, the library will consist of one million three hundred thousand volumes. A large proportion of these are valuable folios and quartos, and most of the books are well bound, and in a good state of preservation.

[From the Christian Observer.]

THE DEATH OF THE SAVIOUR.

Innocent et perbeatus
More floruit decidi.
Mortuus quid fies, amici?
Fleto sum felicior.

So fell sweet Sharon's Rose—
Pure as the crystal dew distill'd from heav'n,
And fresher than the morn.
The lily in the vale not fairer blows
Than this fair Bud from Jesse's faithful stem,
Which, all foraken and forlorn,
On Calvary's high top reclines his head and bows!

Forsaken? No: a chosen hand
Of sacred mourners wept their dying Lord,
And hail'd His innocent.
From his bloody cross stoop'd down,
And piteous breath'd this sympathizing word:
"Weep not for my friends;
But for yourselves let tears of sorrow drown
Your pallid cheeks!—I fly from grief,
But grief your steps attend:
My spirit hast where sorrow never comes;
Where joy, a tree of life, with verdant leaf,
Eternal blossoms. Heaven's hallow'd domes
Receive me.

Bright seraphs now for their vigils keep,
To hail me Lord of Glory. Why, then, weep?"

J. P.

BROOKS' LETTERS.

LAKE LEMAN.—When I had the first view of Lake Leman, it was not cold nor hungry, as when I saw *Monte Blanc*. It was from the terrace of Gibbons house, under the very tree where he composed much of his great work upon the Roman Empire. The house is nothing remarkable—half a franc carried me through its aisles to the garden—the garden is not much—but of the lake, the lake, the glorious lake, and the huge proud Alps that cast their shadows upon its bosom, who can draw the picture? Mountains make men mountains, I verily believe, for scarcely a pen has been touched on the shores of the Leman, that has not written in letters of flame. The very periods of Gibbons are Alpine grandeur!—and he struts in sentences at times, as if he, an Alp, were walking on the paper. How thick emotions throng upon the mind, as first one sees the lake, so long renowned. Voltaire has been inspired here. "Vaunt not of Italian lakes," he says to Virgil.—*Mon lac est mon premier* he adds with enthusiasm. The enchanting scene of Rousseau's Heloise was here. That divine "Julie," whom he loves in spite of crime, found a fitting home upon this lake, and the hills around it. What a bewitching, dangerous book it is! How this man of contradiction, all nature and all sophism too, makes passion virtue, and sin a charming thing! If a woman can read the book, and think the worse of "Julie," she has not a woman's soul. I have been reading his "Confession" in this Geneva, his own home; and such a witchery has been thrown over our crime that I do not wonder the people have given him a monument, and adore him too. He tells you all is wrong—he shows you how—he warns you off, and yet he makes the wrong so right, that the wrong is seen better than right, and you love it too. "Go,"

and call them to sing to me, and so they have sung away all causes of discontent, and every disposition to scandal! Such a use of this accomplishment might serve to fit a family for the company of angels. Young voices around the domestic altar, breathing sacred music, at the hour of morning and evening devotion, are a sweet and touching accompaniment."—*Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.*

ANECDOTE.—An excellent clergyman, possessing much knowledge of human nature, instructed his large family of daughters in the theory and practice of music. They were all observed to be exceedingly amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in his mode of education. He replied, "when any thing disturbs their temper, I say to them sing, and if I hear them speaking against any person I call them to sing to me, and so they have sung away all causes of discontent, and every disposition to scandal!"

Such a use of this accomplishment might serve to fit a family for the company of angels. Young voices around the domestic altar, breathing sacred music, at the hour of morning and evening devotion, are a sweet and touching accompaniment."—*Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.*

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